

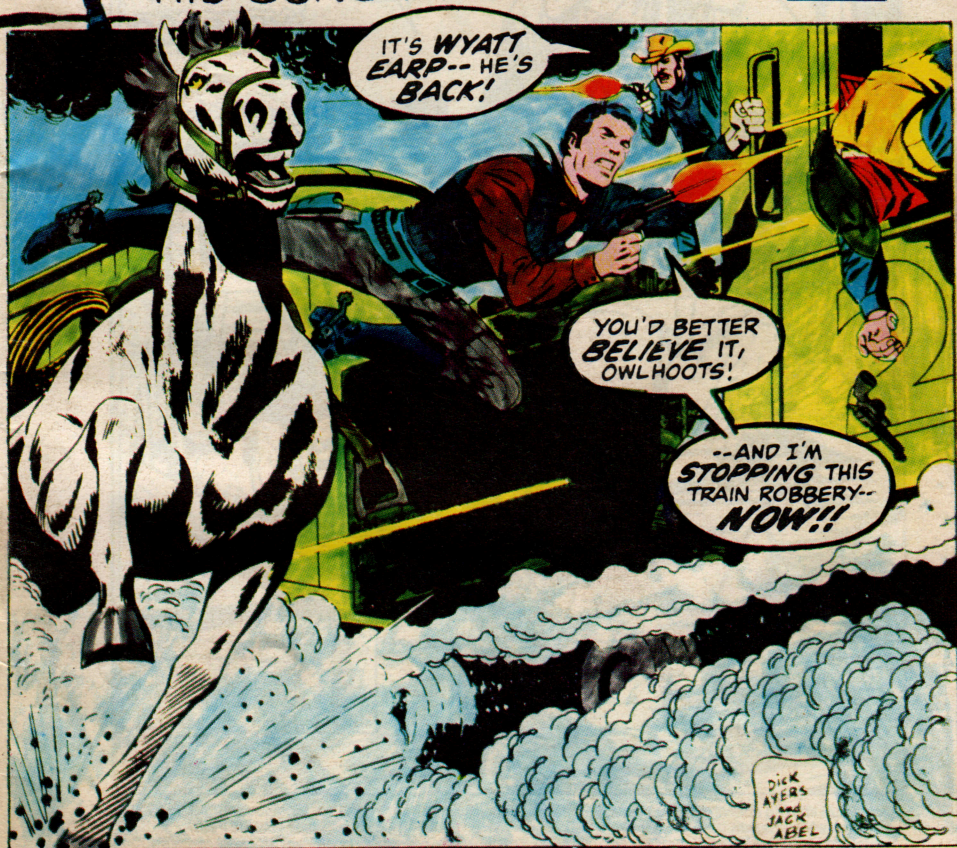
THE MARSHAL WHO TAMED THE WEST!

**WYATT** 40

**EARP**

HIS GUNS ARE THE LAW!

75c •  
(NZ 90c)



**FRONTIER MARSHAL FIGHTS AGAIN!**



PAGES OF TRUE TALES FROM THE LIFE OF THE WEST'S MOST FAMOUS PEACE OFFICER

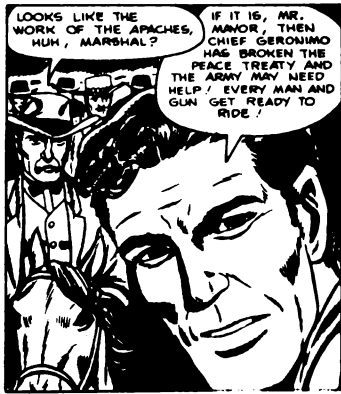
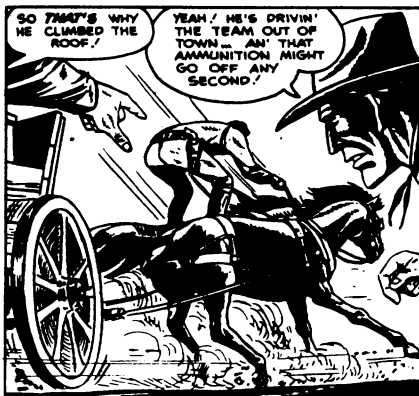
# WYATT EARP

## FRONTIER MARSHAL



WYATT EARP is published by Page Publications Pty. Ltd. (Incorporated in N.S.W.) a division of Yaffa Publishing Group, 432-436 Elizabeth Street, Surry Hills, N.S.W., 2010. Copyright © 1972 by Magazine Management Co. Inc., Marvel Comics Group, a division of Cadence Industries Corp. All rights reserved. The characters included in this issue, such as Wyatt Earp, and the distinctive likenesses thereof are the properties of the Marvel Comics Group, and this publication is under license from the Marvel Comics Group. Printed by Rotary Colorprint Co. Pty. Ltd., Sydney. Distributed by Gordon & Gotch Ltd., Melbourne-Sydney.

\* Recommended and maximum price only.



IT WAS NO CHORE  
FINDING THE PLACE  
WHERE THE WAGON  
HAD COME FROM...  
ALL WE HAD TO DO  
WAS FOLLOW THE  
SIGN MADE BY THE  
WHEELS...

FROM THE WAY  
THE GROUND IS  
CHURNED UP IN  
THIS SPOT, IT  
APPEARS THERE  
MUST'VE BEEN  
QUITE A FIGHT!

ALL THE  
HOOFMARKS  
LEAD THAT  
WAY. LET'S  
FOLLOW  
THEM!

EITHER THE ARMY TROOPS  
CHARGED THE APACHES AWAY,  
OR ELSE THE INDIANS  
TOOK 'EM ALL PRISONER!

HEIN UP!  
I HEAR  
HORSES!



A UNITED  
STATES CAVALRY  
TROOP!



YOUR BURNING  
AMMUNITION  
WAGON SPOOLED  
OUR TOWN,  
CAPTAIN, AND  
WE FIGURED  
YOU MIGHT BE  
NEEDING HELP.

THANKS, MARSHAL, WE  
WERE  
ATTACHED BY  
APACHES WHO  
SET THE  
WAGON ON  
FIRE, BUT WE  
DROVE THEM  
BACK TO  
THEIR  
RESERVATION!



I'M CAPTAIN CARTER  
AND THIS IS TROOP D,  
10TH CAVALRY! WE'VE  
BEEN SENT FROM THE  
FORT TO GUARD THAT  
TRAINLOAD OF SILVER  
THAT LEAVES TOMORROW.

WE'VE BEEN  
EXPECTING  
YOU! THE  
MAYOR AND  
POSSE WILL  
RIDE TO  
TOWN WITH  
YOU! I'VE  
GOT SOME  
BUSINESS  
TO TEND TO!



AND THAT  
BUSINESS IS  
GERONIMO!



WELCOME TO MY  
WICKIUP, FRIEND-  
WHO-WEARS-THE  
BADGE.

THIS ISN'T A FRIENDLY  
VISIT, CHIEF GERONIMO!  
I WANT TO KNOW WHY  
YOU BROKE THE PEACE  
TREATY AND ATTACKED  
THE U.S. CAVALRY!



EARLY THE NEXT MORNING THE SILVER-LOADED TRAIN FROM TOMBSTONE PULLED OUT...

THAT SURE WAS A MIGHTY FINE IDEA OF YOURS, MR. MAYOR, GETTIN' THE ARMY TO RIDE THE TRAIN AS GUARDS.

WHICH MARSHAL EARP WAS HERE TO SEE IT LEAVE! WONDER WHAT'S HAPPENED TO HIM? HE HAVEN'T BEEN BACK TO TOWN SINCE HE LEFT US YESTERDAY.



THE TRAIN STRAINED UP MOUNTAIN PASSES AND ROLLED DOWN STEEP GRADES... THEN IT CAME TO THE FLAT, OPEN PLAINS...

WHAT'S THAT UP AHEAD?

TROUBLE!



IT'S A GANG OF ROBBERS TRYIN' TO HOLD UP THE TRAIN.

AND LOOK WHO'S LEADIN' 'EM... WYATT EARP!



KEEP FIRING! THEY MUST NOT BOARD THIS TRAIN.

YES SIR, CAPTAIN! WE'LL TAKE CARE OF EARP AND HIS GANG!

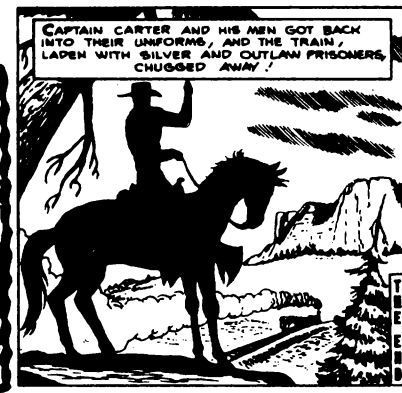
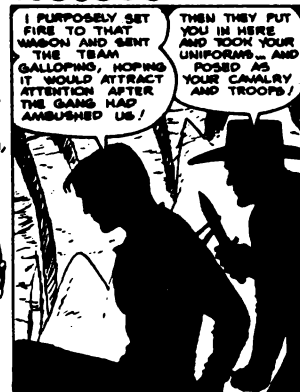
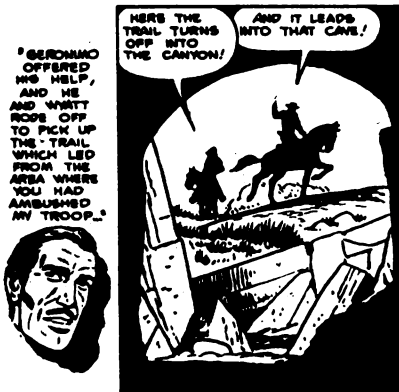
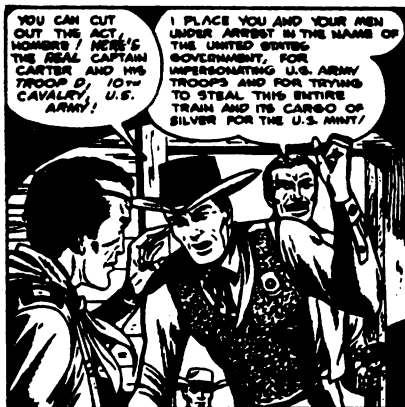


BUT IT WAS THE OTHER WAY AROUND... WE TOOK CARE OF THEM.



YOU'RE A DISGRACE TO EVERY LAWMAN WHO EVER WORE A STAR OR BADGE. WYATT EARP! THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT WILL GET YOU FOR THIS!



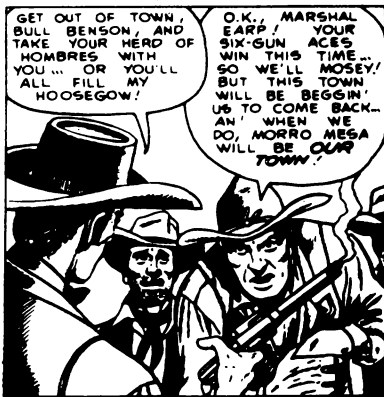




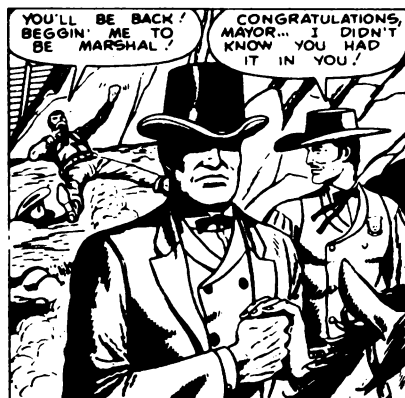
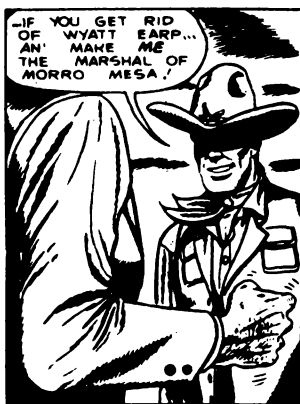
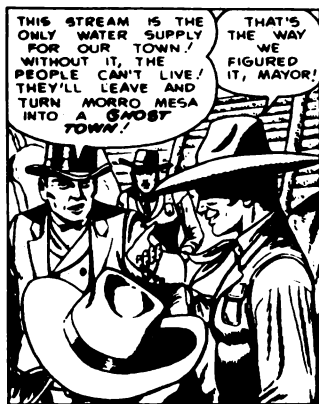
PAGES OF TRUE TALES FROM THE LIFE OF THE WEST'S MOST FAMOUS PEACE OFFICER

# WYATT EARP

FRONTIER  
MARSHAL



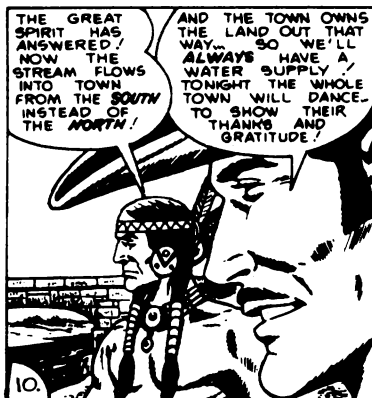
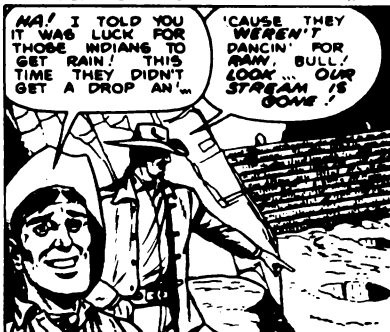






THE COTTONWOOD DRUMS THROBbed ALL DAY AND ALL NIGHT! TALL FEATHER AND HIS INDIANS DANCED AND CHANTED! THE CITIZENS WATCHED... WITH PRAYERS ON THEIR LIPS...

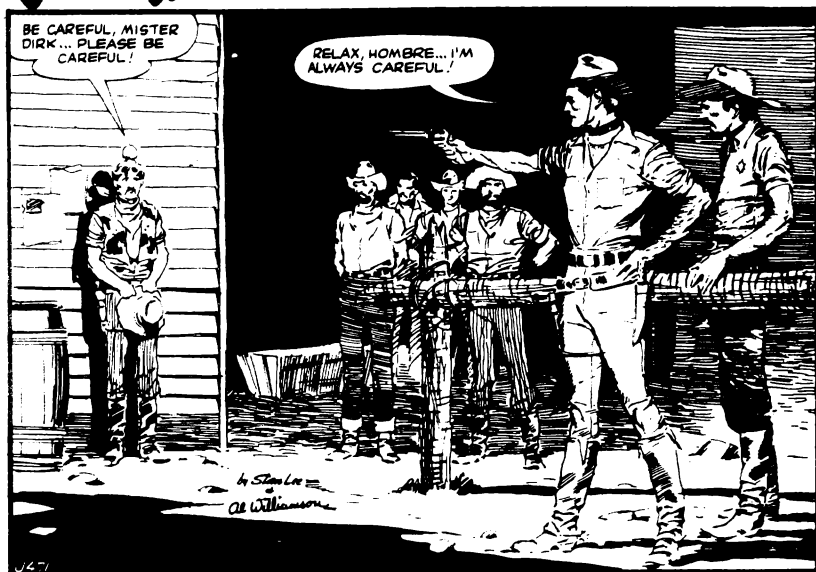
WHEN THE CLOUDLESS MORNING BLOSSOMED THE DRUMS PULSED NO MORE... THE FEET OF THE INDIANS WERE STILL! THEIR LIPS CHANTED NO MORE...



LIKE I SAID... SOME THINGS THAT HAPPEN CAN'T BE EXPLAINED... BUT THEY DO HAPPEN... LIKE THE MYSTERY OF MORRO MESA!



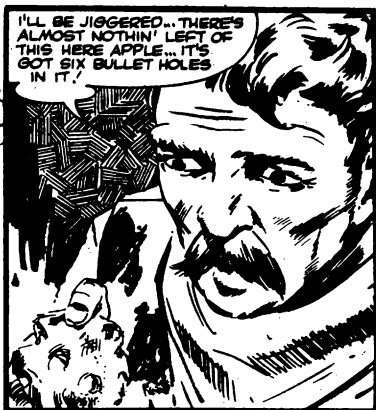
# Genius with a GUN!



ALL RIGHT, I RECKON I MIGHT  
AS WELL GET IT OVER WITH!



I'LL BE JIGGERED... THERE'S  
ALMOST NOTHIN' LEFT OF  
THIS HERE APPLE... IT'S  
GOT SIX BULLET HOLES  
IN IT!



HEAR THAT, GENTS! SIX BULLET HOLES  
IN THAT APPLE... NOW I RECKON YUH'LL  
ALL BE PLUMB DELIGHTED TO PAY  
UP YORE BETS!

STILL DON'T  
BELIEVE IT!

WHATEVER ELSE YUH MAY THINK  
OF 'IM, THAT DIRK IS A *GENIUS*  
WITH A GUN!



DIRK, I WANNA TALK  
TO YUH, ALONE!

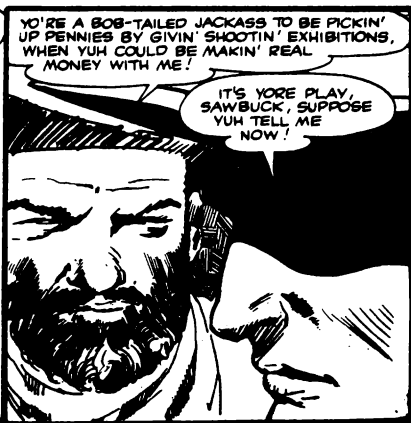
SUITS ME, SAWBUCK!  
LET'S WALK DOWN  
THE STREET  
A PIECE!



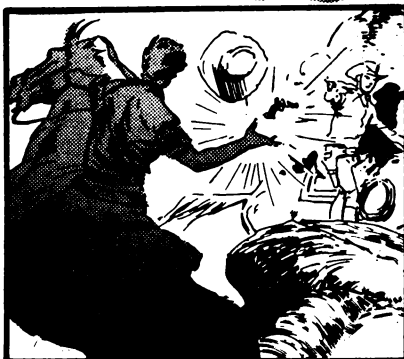
12.

YO'RE A BOB-TAILED JACKASS TO BE PICKIN'  
UP PENNIES BY GIVIN' SHOOTIN' EXHIBITIONS.  
WHEN YUH COULD BE MAKIN' REAL  
MONEY WITH ME!

IT'S YORE PLAY,  
SAWBUCK, SUPPOSE  
YUH TELL ME  
NOW!







PAGES OF TRUE TALES FROM THE LIFE OF THE WEST'S MOST FAMOUS PEACE OFFICER

# WYATT EARP

FRONTIER MARSHAL

THE TOWN WAS  
USUALLY DESERTED  
AND QUIET WHEN  
I MADE MY NIGHTLY  
PATROL. BUT ONE  
NIGHT, A DARK  
FIGURE CAME FLYING  
DOWN FROM A LOW  
ROOF... AND I WAS...  
**BUSHWHACKED!**



HEY!  
GET OFF  
MY BACK!

BEFORE I COULD  
TURN TO DISLODGE  
THE BUSHWHACKER,  
HE HAD STRUCK  
SWIFTLY!





IN A FEW MINUTES, THE COWBOYS BEGAN TO CLEAR FROM MY ACHING HEAD...



WHOEVER THE BUSHWHACKER WAS, HE SURE PACKED A WALLOP.

STREET'S DESERTED!



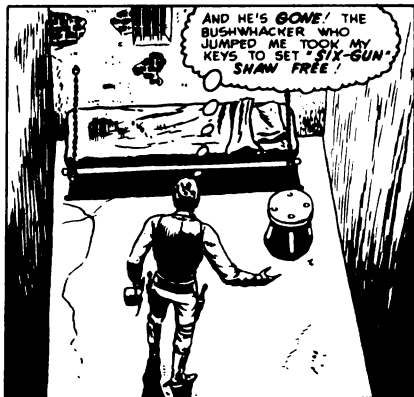
NOTHING AROUND HERE TO GIVE ME A CLUE WHO HE WAS... OR WHY HE BUSHWHACKED ME! I'D BETTER HEAD FOR MY OFFICE AND PUT SOMETHING ON THIS BUMP!



SOON AS I STEPPED INTO MY PLACE, I GOT THE ANSWER TO MY WHY QUESTION...



HIS CELL DOOR IS OPEN!



AND HE'S GONE! THE BUSHWHACKER WHO JUMPED ME TOOK MY KEYS TO SET "SIX-GUN" SHAW FREE!

I'M SUPPOSED TO HAND "SIX-GUN" OVER TO THE STATE PENITENTIARY GUARDS TOMORROW, SO HE CAN START SERVING HIS TEN-YEAR SENTENCE FOR ROBBERY... BUT NOW HE'S ON THE LOOSE! WHY WOULD ANYBODY HELP THE WORST OUTLAW IN THE WEST ESCAPE? WHO'D DO A THING LIKE THAT?



THE ANSWER TO MY WHO QUESTION CAME TO ME AS CLEAR AS HANDWRITING ON A WALL, WHEN I WAS PUTTING THE IODINE ON MY BUMP.



"ACE" ALLEN!

/CHECKED MY  
BRACE OF  
COLTS AND WENT  
DOWN THE  
STREET TO  
'ACE' ALLEN'S  
PLACE...



HOWDY, MARSHAL!  
LOOKIN' FOR  
SOMEBODY?

YEAH, 'ACE'... YOU!  
I'M ARRESTING YOU FOR  
BUSHWHACKING AND FOR  
AIDING THE ESCAPE OF  
A DANGEROUS CRIMINAL!

MUN? YOU'RE  
LOCO, MARSHAL!

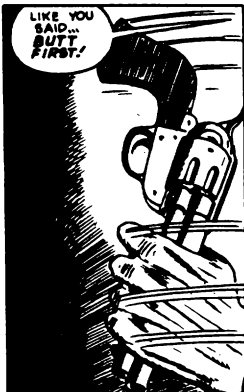


I'M ALSO THE LAW  
IN TOMBSTONE!  
GIVE ME YOUR GUN,  
'ACE'... BUTT  
FIRST!

O.K.,  
WYATT!



LIKE YOU  
SAID...  
BUTT  
FIRST!



I DODGED AND 'ACE'S' GUN BUTT  
HAMMERED DOWN ON THE BAR  
INSTEAD OF MY HEAD...



NOW I'LL GO TAKE  
A LOOK INTO THE BACK  
ROOM WHERE YOU  
LIVE...





THEN I STOPPED SHOOTING AND NO MORE BULLETS CAME FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR, EITHER ...



THE DOOR WAS LOCKED ... SO I "UNLOCKED" IT ...



AS THE DOOR SWUNG OPEN, THERE STOOD "SIX-GUN" SHAW WITHOUT HIS GUNS ...



I DON'T GET IT, LAWMAN! HOW COULD YOU SHOOT THE HARDWARE OUT OF MY HANDS WITH A DOOR BETWEEN US?

ALL I DID WAS AIM AT THE BULLET HOLES YOUR SHOTS MADE IN THE DOOR TO FIGURE WHERE YOUR GUNS WERE.

AND HOW DID YOU KNOW I BUSHWHACKED YOU AND HELPED "SIX-GUN" ESCAPE?



THE BUTT PLATE OF YOUR GUN TOLD ME! YOU'VE GOT YOUR NAME ENGRAVED ON IT, AND IT LEAVES A MARK ON ANYTHING IT HITS ... LIKE WHEN YOU HIT THE BAR WITH IT AFTER MISSING ME!

AND THAT'S THE KIND OF BRAND IT LEFT ON MY FOREHEAD AFTER YOU BUSHWHACKED ME! IT CAME OUT PLAIN AS DAY WHEN I SWABBED IODINE OVER IT!



YOU FOULED UP EVERYTHING, "ACE"! SO HAND OVER THAT THOUSAND DOLLARS I PAID YOU TO GET ME OUT OF JAIL!

NEITHER COULD SPEND THE MONEY WHERE THEY WERE GOING THE NEXT MORNING!



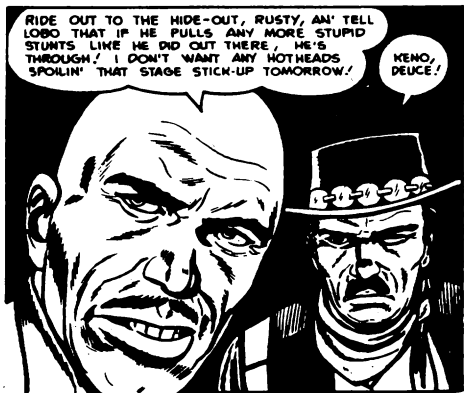
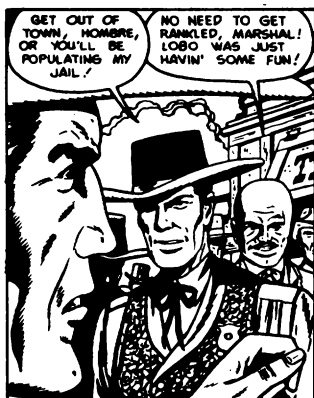
SO LONG, MARSHAL! SURE WAS PICKED UP IN TOMBSTONE SINCE YOU CAME! SEE YOU NEXT TRIP!

PAGES OF TRUE TALES FROM THE LIFE OF THE WEST'S MOST FAMOUS PEACE OFFICER

# WYATT EARP

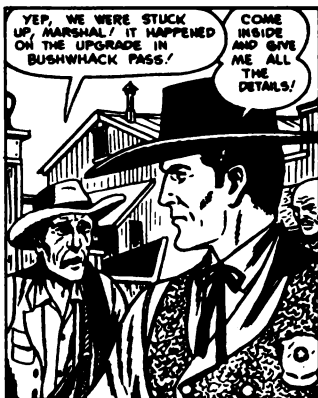
FRONTIER MARSHAL







LATE THAT AFTERNOON, THE STAGE ROLLED IN, AND THE WAY IT CAME, I COULD TELL THERE MUST'VE BEEN TROUBLE ALONG THE WAY...



WHEN LOBO OPENS THAT STRONGBOX AN' SEES ALL THAT GOLD, HE MIGHT GET IDEAS TO START RIDIN' WITHOUT SPLITTIN' THE LOOT!

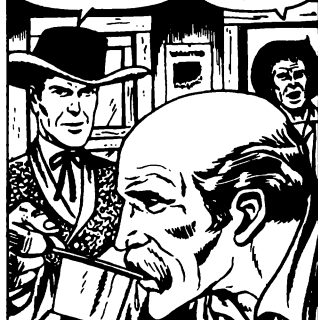


I BETTER RIDE OUT TO THE HIDE-OUT AND MAKE SURE I GET MY SHARE... AND MAYBE RUSTY'S AND LOBO'S...



THE INFORMATION YOU GAVE ME ISN'T MUCH TO GO ON, DRIVER, BUT I'LL ...

MARSHAL! COME DOWN TO THE RIVER... PRONTO!



POTS AN' PANS! THE RIVER'S FULL OF 'EM!

THAT'S TINNY TAYLOR'S MERCHANDISE! SOMETHING MUST'VE HAPPENED TO HIM UPRIVER!

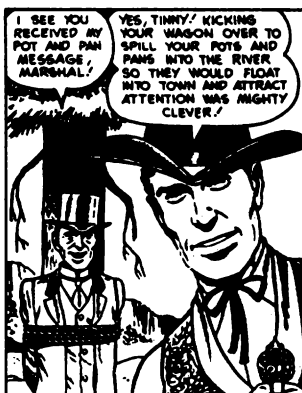
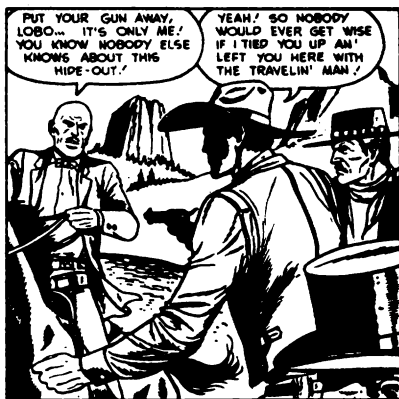


CAN YOU IMAGINE THAT FOOL TRAVELIN' MAN BRACIN' UP AGAINST THE TREE AN' SHOVIN' HIS OWN WAGON INTO THE RIVER? RECKON HE THOUGHT THE NOISE OF HIS POTS AN' PANS WOULD ATTRACT ATTENTION!

MAYBE IT DID! SOMEBODY'S COMIN'!







THE MARSHAL WHO TAMED THE WEST!



# WYATT EARP

HIS GUNS ARE THE LAW!



## TOO MANY MURDERERS!

PAGES OF TRUE TALES FROM THE LIFE OF THE WEST'S MOST FAMOUS PEACE OFFICER

# WYATT EARP

## FRONTIER MARSHAL





I KNEW IT HAD HAPPENED THE DAY BEFORE... ONLY TWO HOURS OUT OF DODGE. WHOEVER DID IT HAD SHOT TOM IN THE BACK, COLDLY, MERCILESSLY. THE PAYROLL, OF COURSE, WAS GONE.

BACK IN DODGE, I HAD ONLY ONE CLUE... TOM HAD BEEN KILLED BY A .44 SLUG... AND .44'S WEREN'T TOO PLENTIFUL IN DODGE. MOST OF OUR CITIZENS PREFERRED THE MORE POPULAR .45'S.

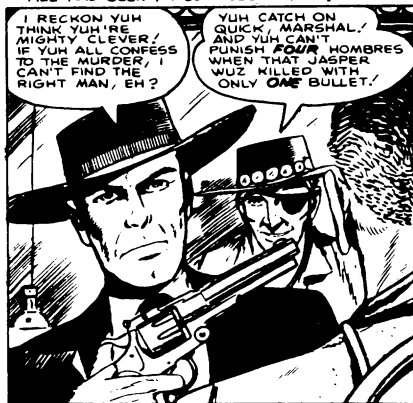




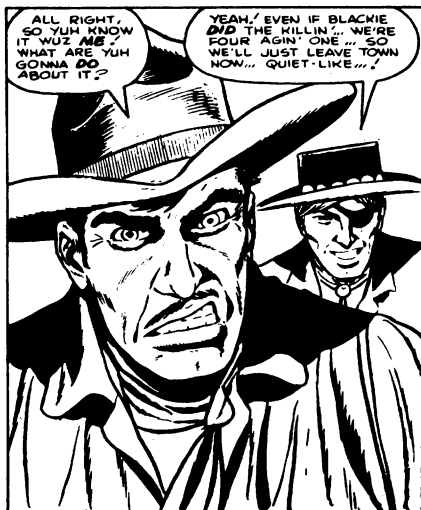
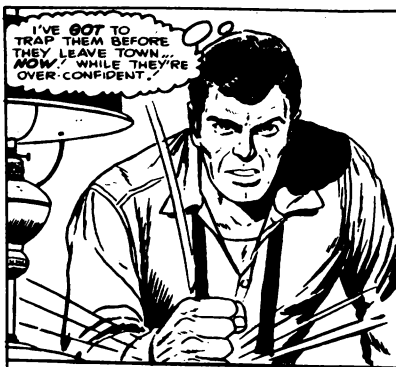
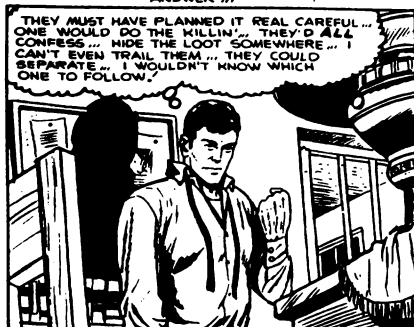
I COULDN'T BELIEVE MY EARS! IT WAS TOO SUDDEN... TOO SIMPLE! THERE HAD TO BE A TWIST TO IT.

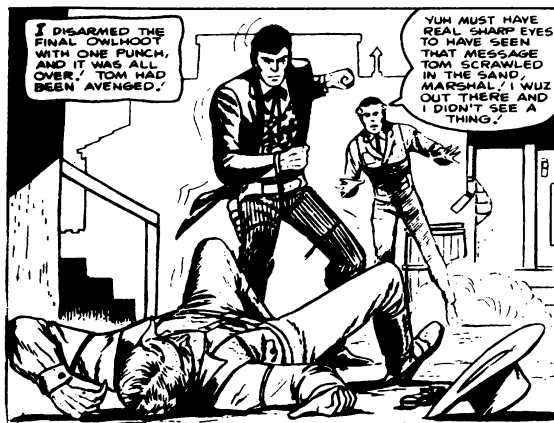
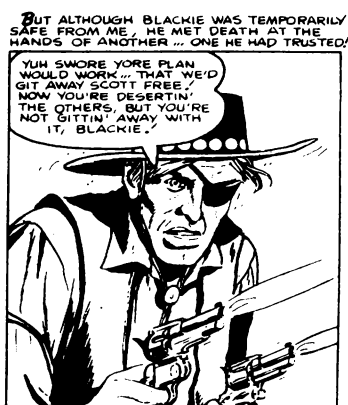
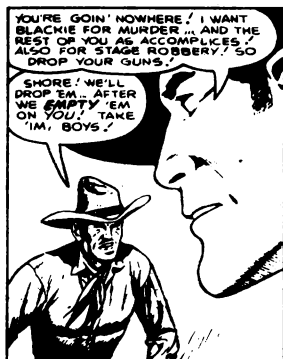


I EXAMINED THEIR GUNS... THEY WERE ALL .44'S... ALL HAD BEEN FIRED RECENTLY....



I COULDN'T SLEEP THAT NIGHT! I JUST PACED MY OFFICE ... TRYING TO THINK ... TRYING TO FIND THE ANSWER ...







PAGES OF TRUE TALES FROM THE LIFE OF THE WEST'S MOST FAMOUS PEACE OFFICER

# WYATT EARP FRONTIER MARSHAL

ONE OF THE CURSES OF BEING A FAST GUN WAS HAVING EVERY JASPER IN THE WEST TRYING TO PROVE HE COULD OUTDRAW ME! MOSTLY THEY WERE JUST TALK... BUT EVERY NOW AND THEN ONE OF THEM WOULD ACTUALLY TRY IT... LIKE THE DAY REB HARPER LEFT THE SALOON AND WEAVED TOWARD ME...

GO ON HOME AND SLEEP IT OFF BEFORE YOU GET HURT, REB! YOU'RE IN NO CONDITION TO DRAW AGAINST ANYONE... LEAST OF ALL, ME!

YOU HEARD ME, MARSHAL! I CLAIM YUH GOT A STREAK OF YELLA IN YORE MAKE-UP, AND IFN YUH WON'T DRAW, I WILL ANYWAY... NOW!

THE  
MAN  
WHO  
OUT-DREW  
EARP

DICK AYERS P. 28

THERE WAS ONLY ONE THING TO DO... AND I DID IT JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME... BECAUSE REB HARPER WAS A MIGHTY FAST MAN WITH A GUN.

MAN! THAT'S SHOOTIN'!

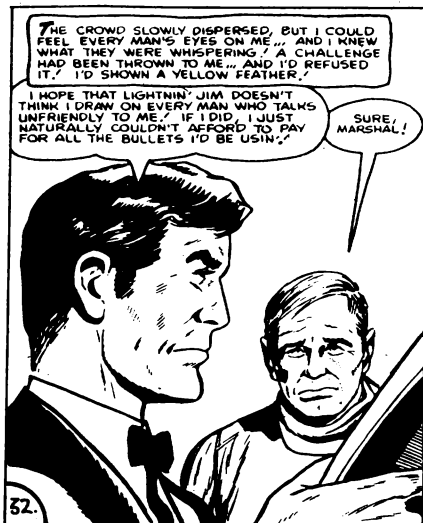
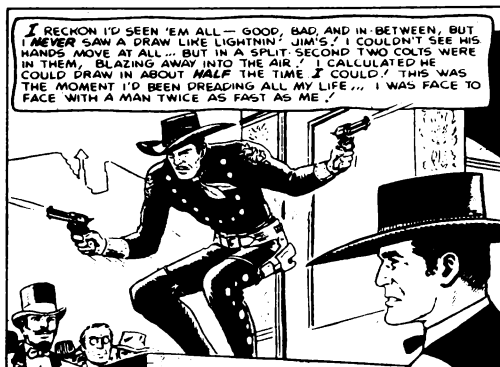
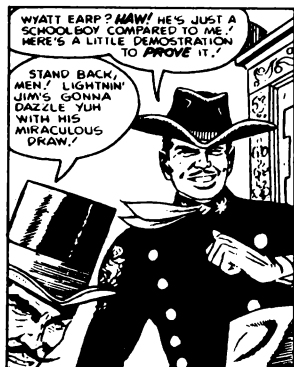
I COULDN'T HARDLY SEE HIS HAND MOVE.

AS SOME OF THE BOYS STEERED REB TO A CELL TO SLEEP IT OFF, I COULDN'T HELP OVERHEARING SOME SNATCHES OF CONVERSATION FROM THE CROWD...



I COULDN'T GET THAT THOUGHT OUT OF MY MIND! SOMEDAY I HAD TO MEET A FASTER GUN THAN I WAS... WHEN WOULD IT BE? AND WHO WOULD IT BE?





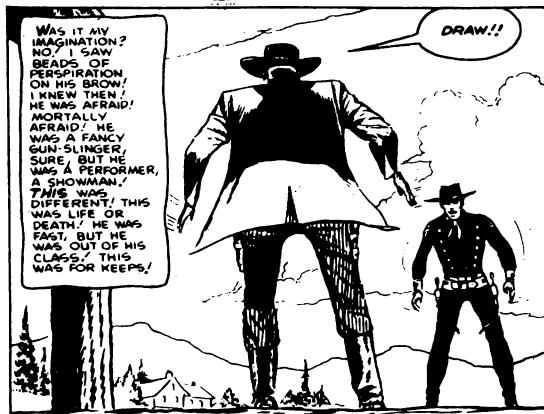


I COULD FEEL THE BLOOD BOIL IN MY FACE. MY EYES NARROWED INTO SLITS. NO MAN COULD SPEAK TO ME THAT WAY... NOT EVEN IF HIS DRAW WAS GREASED LIGHTNING.



I KNEW I HAD SEALED MY DEATH WARRANT... BUT I WAS READY TO GO DOWN LIKE A MAN, NOT A SNIVELLING BOOT-LICKER! I TOOK OFF MY MARGHAL'S SHIELD - AND STEPPED INTO THE MIDDLE OF THE STREET...





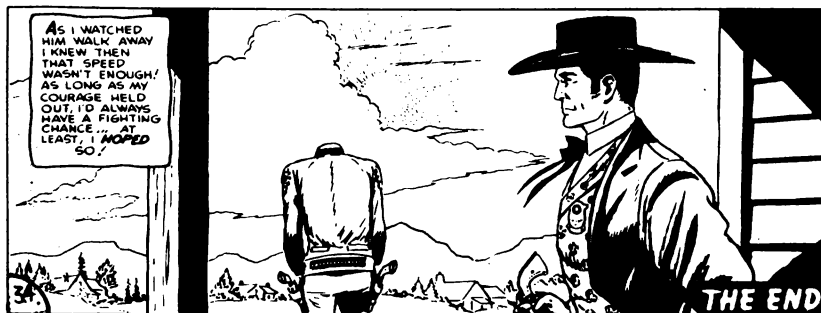
HE WAS AS FAST AS I KNEW HE'D BE! HIS COLTS WERE OUT WHILE I WAS STILL SEIZING MINE. BUT HIS HANDS WERE SHAKING, HIS LIPS QUIVERING! HE HAD SPEED, HE HAD FLASH...



I HAD MY OWN IRONS A SPLIT SECOND LATER... AIMED RIGHT AT HIS HEART, BUT I HELD MY FIRE... FOR AN AMAZING THING HAPPENED.



BEFORE THE EYES OF THE ENTIRE CROWD, HIS COLTS SLID FROM HIS LIMP FINGERS, WHILE HIS EYES CONTINUED TO PLEAD FOR MERCY.



THE END

PAGES OF TRUE TALES FROM THE LIFE OF THE WEST'S MOST FAMOUS PEACE OFFICER

# WYATT EARP

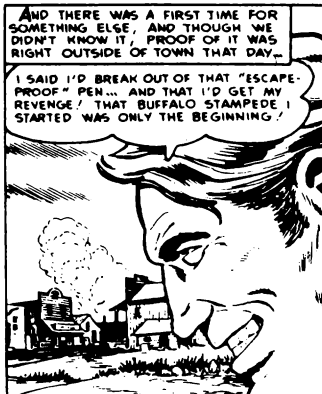
**FRONTIER  
MARSHAL**



"RED" ROOKER AND HIS THREAT WERE THE TALK OF THE TOWN FOR A FEW DAYS, BUT FOLKS SOON FORGOT THEM BOTH! AND AFTER THREE YEARS, NOBODY IN CANYON CITY EVEN KNEW "RED" HAD EVER EVEN EXISTED...



GETTING OUT OF THE WAY... THAT WAS ALL WE COULD DO! THE ONLY WAY BUFFALO STAMPEDES STOPPED WAS AFTER THE BUFFALOES GOT TIRED OF RUNNING...





THE NEXT DAY, BEFORE CANYON CITY EVEN HAD A CHANCE TO RECOVER FROM THE BUFFALO STAMPEDE, ANOTHER DISASTER HIT THE TOWN!



FIRE!

GET A BUCKET BRIGADE STARTED!

WE'RE GETTING IT UNDER CONTROL, MARSHAL! SURE IS A MYSTERY HOW THE FIRE GOT STARTED!



AFTER FINDING THIS, IT'S MORE OF A MYSTERY WHO STARTED IT!

THE FOLLOWING DAY, WE FOUND THE TOWN'S WATER SUPPLY POLLUTED...

SOMEBODY PUT SOMETHIN' INTO THE DRINKIN' WATER!



AND AFTER THAT... SATURDAY MORNING IT WAS... WE FOUND THE BANK HAD BEEN ROBBED!

NOT A DIME LEFT, MARSHAL!



AND SUNDAY, THE CITY HALL WAS BLASTED...



WE CAME TO SEE YOU, MARSHAL... CALISE ME AND THE CITIZENS FIGURED SOMEBODY'S TRYING TO RUIN OUR TOWN... LIKE HE WAS TRYING TO GET REVENGE OR SOMETHING!

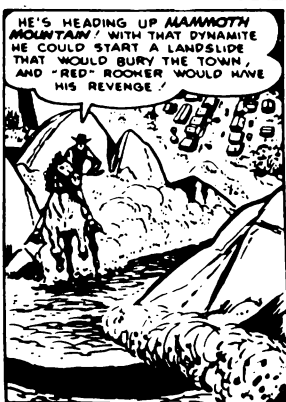
THREE YEARS AGO, SOMEBODY WARNED YOU THAT HE'D BE BACK TO DO THAT... AND YOU ALL LAUGHED AT HIM!



YOU MEAN "RED" ROOKER? BUT HE'S LOCKED UP IN THE FEDERAL PEN... AND IT'S ESCAPE-PROOF!

LIKE YOU SAID... THERE'S A FIRST TIME FOR EVERY THING! I JUST GOT A MESSAGE FROM THE PENITENTIARY THAT "RED" ROOKER HAS ESCAPED!





WHEN I GOT  
TO THE TOP OF  
MAMMOTH  
MOUNTAIN, "RED"  
WAS HID OUT  
BEHIND A  
BOULDER...

I KNOW  
WHAT  
YOU'RE  
UP TO,  
"RED"! **DON'T**  
LIGHT  
THAT  
FUSE!

I'M GOIN' TO START A  
LANDSLIDE THAT'LL  
SMOTHER THE WHOLE  
TOWN/ YOUR BULLETS  
CAN'T GET TO ME, FARP!

THE FUSE IS LIT,  
EARP! THERE'S  
NO WAY YOU CAN  
STOP ME NOW  
FROM GETTING  
MY REVENGE  
AGAINST THE  
TOWN!

BUT AS SOON AS YOU  
THROW THAT DYNAMITE,  
"RED," I'M GOING TO  
START THIS BOULDER  
ROLLING... AND YOU'RE  
RIGHT IN ITS PATH!

'RED' ROONER'S  
UPLIFTED ARM FROZE  
THE DYNAMITE FUSE  
SPUTTERED...

YOU'VE GOT  
ABOUT SIXTY  
SECONDS,  
"RED"

TEN SECONDS  
WENT BY! TWENTY  
WENT/ THEN RED  
YELLED...

**O.K., MARSHAL! YOU WIN!  
I'M PUTTIN' OUT THE FUSE!**

WHEN I GOT BACK TO TOWN WITH MY PRISONER, I HAD SOME EXPLAINING TO DO..

**BUT HOW DID  
DABBLING WITH  
YOUR COLORS  
HELP IDENTIFY  
"RED" WHO'D  
SHAVED HIS  
HEAD AND  
ADDED A  
FALSE  
MUSTACHE?**

I FIGURED RED  
KNEW HE'D BE TOO  
OBVIOUS WITH HIS  
RED HAIR, SO ON  
SOME OLD WANTED  
POSTERS OF HIM,  
PAINTED DIFFERENT  
COLORED HAIR AND  
DISGUISES TO SEE  
WHAT HE'D LOOK  
LIKE.

AND THE ONE WHERE I PAINTED OFF **ALL** HIS HAIR AND ADDED A BLACK MUSTACHE LOOKED LIKE THE MAN BUYING THE DYNAMITE, SO I CALLED HIM BY HIS RIGHT NAME ... AND HE ANSWERED!

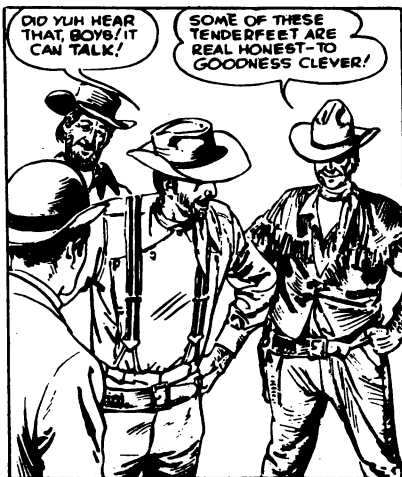
AND ONCE AGAIN, AS THE PRISON WAGON TOOK "RED" AWAY, HE MADE A SPEECH... BUT THIS TIME, NOBODY LAUGHED...

YOU WIN, EARP... A MAN'S  
A FOOL TO LIVE FOR REVENGE  
I KNOW THAT NOW!

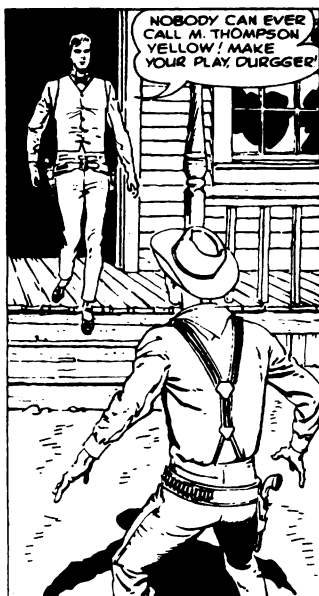
**TW  
E  
N  
D**

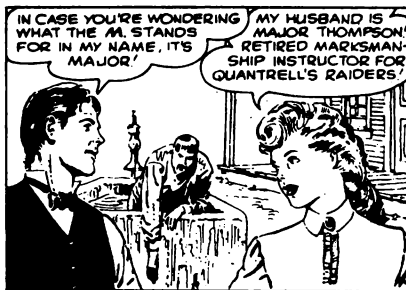
# Tenderfoot in Town











AS FAR AS THE RECORDS SHOW NO FURTHER TROUBLE WAS MADE FOR MAJOR DON THOMPSON AND HIS WIFE IN TRAIL'S END...AND FROM THAT DAY ON, ANY TENDERFOOT WHO ARRIVED IN TOWN WAS TREATED WITH RESPECT UNMATCHED ANYWHERE IN THE WEST!

**THE END**



THE MARSHAL WHO TAMED THE WEST!



# WYATT EARP

HIS GUNS ARE THE LAW!



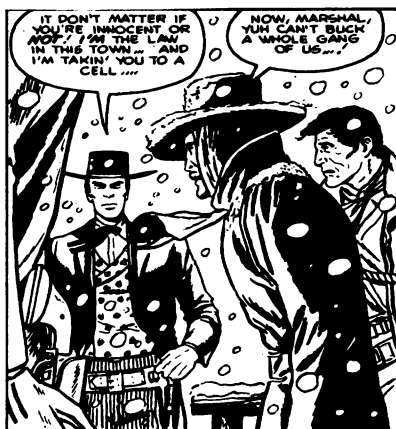
PAGES OF TRUE TALES FROM THE LIFE OF THE WEST'S MOST FAMOUS PEACE OFFICER

# WYATT EARP

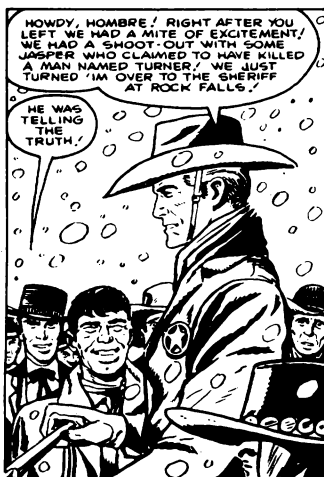
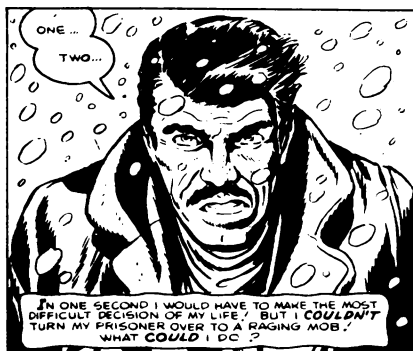
## FRONTIER MARSHAL

IT'S A STRANGE THING — YOU CAN TAKE A FEW DOZEN RESPECTABLE CITIZENS OF A TOWN AND ONE AT A TIME THEY'LL BE ORDINARY, GOD-FEARIN', LAW-ABIDIN' FOLK. / BUT PUT 'EM ALL TOGETHER AND MIX 'EM UP WITH SOME RABBLE-ROUSERS, AND THEY TURN INTO ONE OF THE MOST DANGEROUS THINGS A LAWMAN EVER HAS TO FACE — A MOB! / I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT I MEAN.

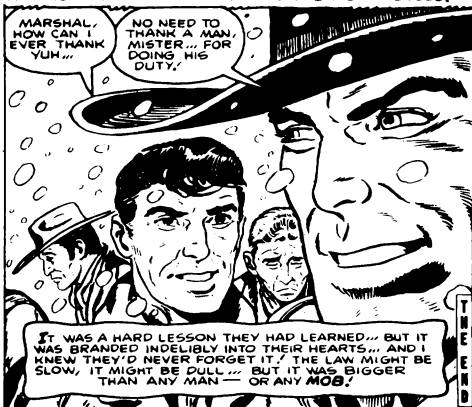








BEFORE THE RANGER FINISHED TALKING, WHAT HAD BEEN A MADDENED MOB DISINTEGRATED INTO SINGLE, SHAME-FILLED PEOPLE... WALKING AWAY... HEADS BOWED... EYES DOWNCAST... THE KNOWLEDGE THAT THEY HAD ALMOST MURDERED AN INNOCENT MAN GNAWING AT THEIR TORTURED SOULS.



PAGES OF TRUE TALES FROM THE LIFE OF THE WEST'S MOST FAMOUS PEACE OFFICER

# WYATT EARP

FRONTIER MARSHAL



WHAT CAN YOU DO WITH A GAL LIKE THAT? I SURE COULDN'T DRAW AND SHOOT AT HER... SO I DID THE ONLY THING POSSIBLE. I HIGHTAILED IT OUT OF THERE — PRONTO!



IF YOU'RE GOING TO BLAST ME, MA'AM, SUPPOSE YOU AT LEAST TELL ME WHY... JUST FOR THE RECORD.

BECAUSE I HATE LAWMAEN. YOU'RE ALWAYS TELLIN' A GIRL HOW LATE HER RESTAURANT CAN STAY OPEN... HOW TO RUN HER BUSINESS... AND YOU'RE ALWAYS HAVING GUNFIGHTS AND BREAKING UP FURNITURE.



AND I'VE HEARD OF YOU, WYATT EARP! YOU'RE THE TOUGHEST AND THE MEANEST OF THE LOT... AND YOU'RE NOT WANTED IN MY SHOP! SAVVY?

SURE DO, MA'AM!



WELL, IT LOOKS LIKE SALLY CLARK IS ONE GAL I WON'T BE SEEN MUCH OF FROM NOW ON.

BUT I WONDER WHAT HER REAL REASON IS FOR HATIN' LAWMAEN SO...?

SALLY CLARK'S COFFEE & CAKE SHOP



IT DIDN'T TAKE ME LONG TO FIND OUT THE ANSWER TO MY QUESTION... FOR, IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED, THREE MEAN-LOOKIN' STRANGERS DRIFTED SILENTLY INTO TOWN, THEIR GUNS HUNG LOW AND THEIR EYES SHIFTY AND COOL... AND MOST IMPORTANT OF ALL, THEY RENDEZVOUSED IN SALLY CLARK'S COFFEE SHOP.

THEY'VE ALL GOT THE LOOK OF GUNMEN ABOUT THEM... AND THEY SEEM TO KNOW SALLY... ESPECIALLY THE TALL ONE!





NOW I KNEW WHY SALLY CLARK HATED LAWMEN .... ANY GAL MIGHT WHO WAS THE SISTER OF SAM CLARK, ONE OF THE MOST DANGEROUS GUNMEN WEST OF THE RIO GRANDE.

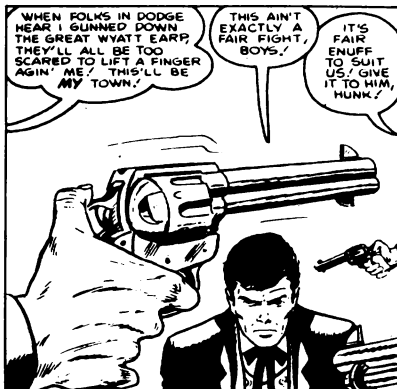




I WAS SO INTERESTED IN WHAT WAS GOING ON BETWEEN SAM CLARK AND HIS SISTER, THAT I DIDN'T HEAR THE FOOTSTEPS BEHIND ME, UNTIL....



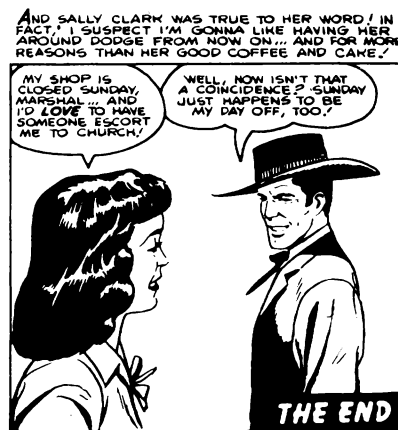
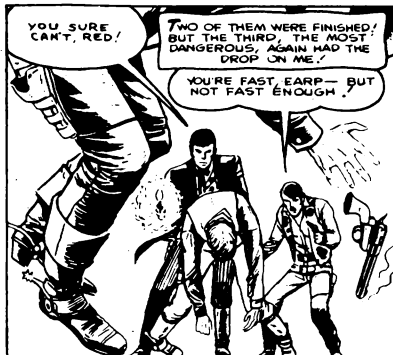
WHAT I SAW NEXT MADE MY BLOOD BOIL! THERE WAS A SUDDEN HAND MOVEMENT, A RINGING IMPACT, AND SALLY CLUTCHED HER FACE WITH DISBELIEF IN HER SHOCKED EYES, SAM'S FINGER MARKS STILL ON HER CHEEK.



MY LIFE DEPENDED UPON NOT STAYING STILL LONG ENOUGH FOR THEM TO GET A HEAD ON ME! I GRABBED HUNK BEFORE HE COULD AIM HIS COLT... AND SPUN HIM AROUND!



HOLDING HIM IN A ONE-ARMED HALF-NELSON, I DREW MY OTHER COLT WITH MY REMAINING HAND! AT LAST I WAS ARMED AGAIN! AND HUNK DID THE ONE USEFUL THING IN HIS WASTED LIFE... HE ACTED AS A SHIELD...



# RUSTLER'S MOON

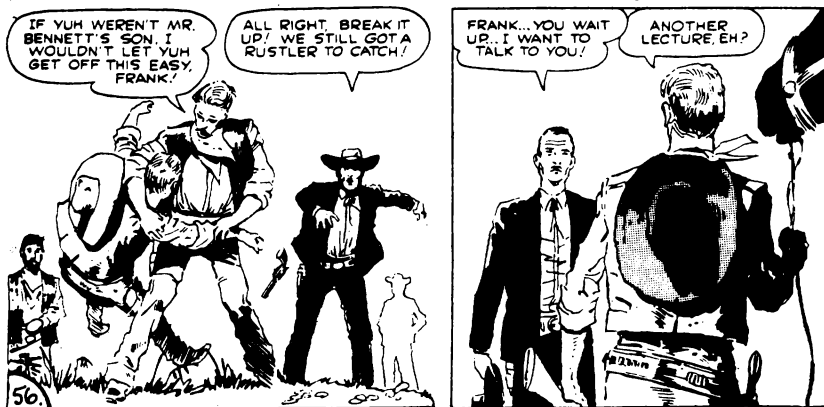
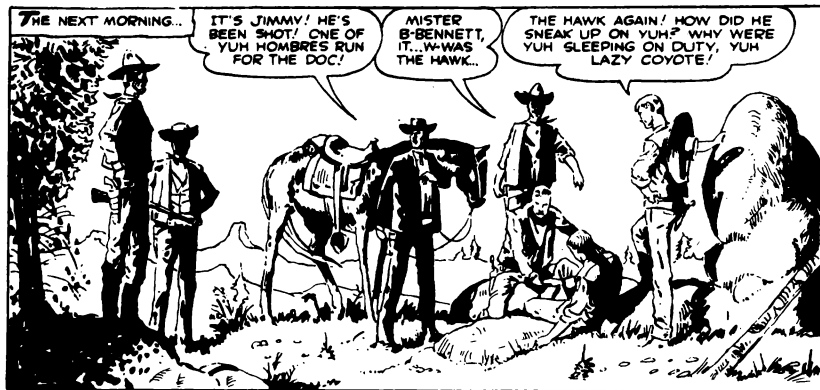
THE NIGHT WAS DARK AND STILL 'EXCEPT FOR THE STEADY HUM OF FORTY STEERS BREATHING AS THEY SLEPT, THERE WAS NO SOUND SAVE THE WHISPERING OF THE WIND! THE MOON WAS NEW, BATHING THE VALLEY IN A FAINT SHIMMERING LIGHT 'IT WAS A 'RUSTLER'S MOON'... AND IT WAS UNDER THAT MOON THAT THE RUSTLER STRUCK!

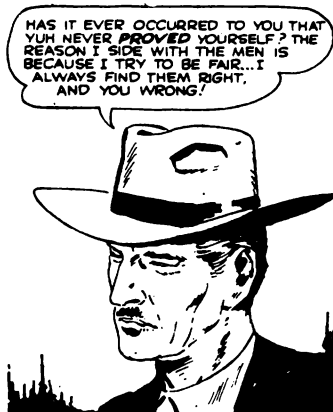
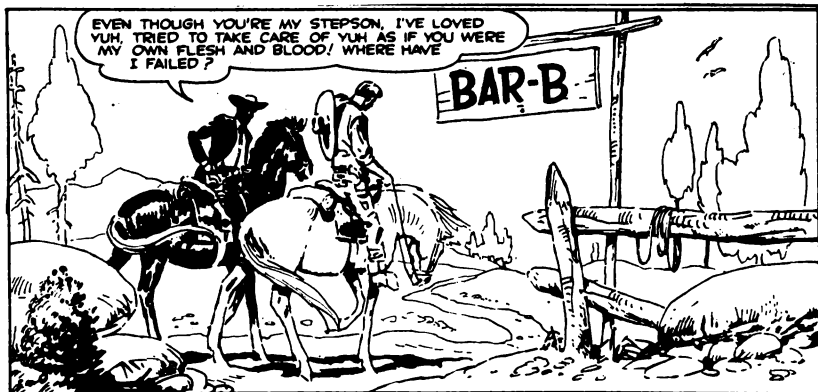


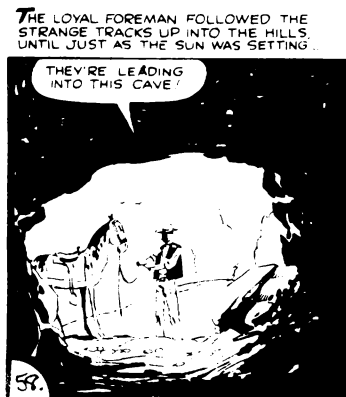
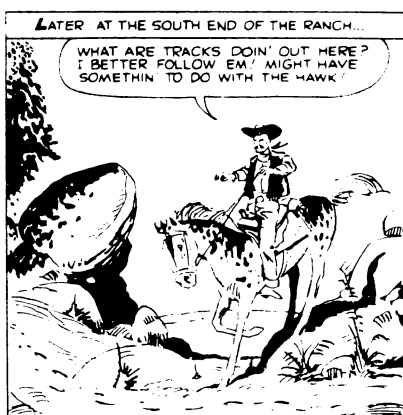
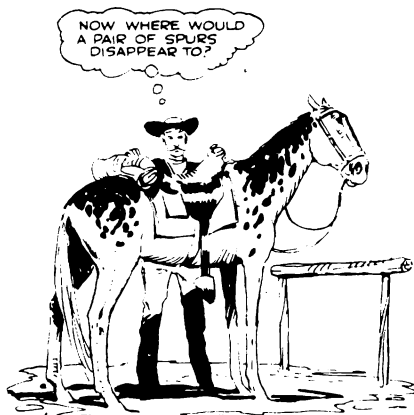
MY SHOULDER!

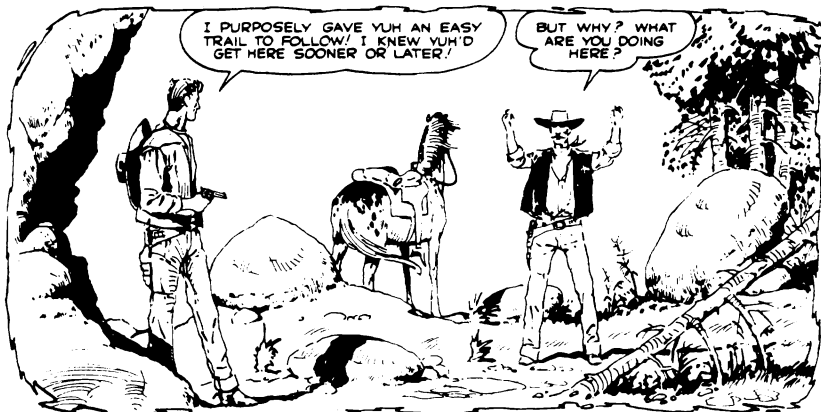
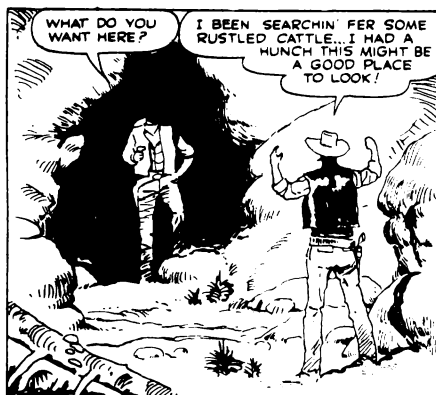
**B**EFORE MERCIFUL UNCONSCIOUSNESS BLANKETED THE INJURED COWBOY, HIS STARTLED EYES SAW...

IT'S THE HAWK...









THAT'S RIGHT! AND AFTER I TAKE CARE OF YUH, I'LL LEAVE 'EM TO BE FOUND NEAR THE TRAIL YUH LEFT TO THIS CAVE ...AND I'LL BE THE HOMBRE WHO CAUGHT THE HAWK! ONLY I'LL HAVE TO SHOOT YOU BEFORE THE OTHERS ARRIVE... IN SELF-DEFENSE, OF COURSE!



YOU'RE EVEN LOWER THAN I THOUGHT YOU WE'RE! AFTER ALL YOUR FATHER DONE FER YUH!

THOSE ARE THE LAST WORDS YO'RE EVER GONNA SAY, TEX.



AT THE SAME SECOND AS FRANK SHOT, TEX HURLED HIMSELF TO ONE SIDE, OUT OF THE PATH OF THE BULLET! BUT THE VIBRATIONS FROM THE GUN BLAST, LOOSENED THE HEAVY ROCKS ABOVE... AND...

LOOK OUT, KID!



POOR SICK HOMBRE! HE COULDN'T EVEN PULL THAT OFF RIGHT!



FRANK'S BODY WAS NEVER RECOVERED FROM THE MASS OF ROCKS! THE STORY OF HIS DEATH THAT MISTER BENNETT HEARD FROM HIS FOREMAN WAS THE KINDEST STORY EVER TOLD...

WE'LL NEVER KNOW EXACTLY WHAT HAPPENED, BUT THE **HAWK** DIED...WITH YOUR **SON!**

I'M GRATEFUL FOR THAT, TEX! MIGHTY GRATEFUL!





PAGES OF TRUE TALES FROM THE LIFE OF THE WEST'S MOST FAMOUS PEACE OFFICER.

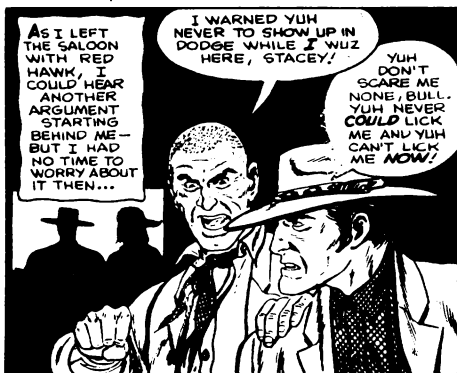
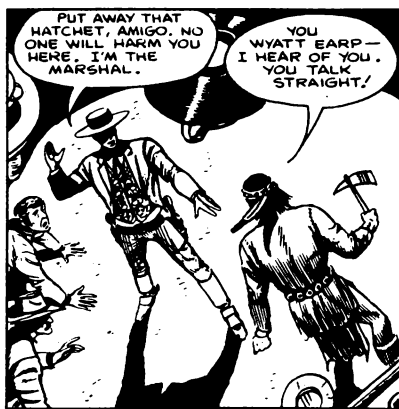
# WYATT EARP

## FRONTIER MARSHAL



DODGE CITY WAS NEVER WHAT YOU'D CALL A PEACEFUL TOWN AT BEST-- BUT WHEN RED HAWK, THE APACHE, CAME TO DODGE, THINGS REALLY BEGAN TO HUM-- AND THAT MEANT TROUBLE FOR ME, WYATT EARP-- MARSHAL OF DODGE CITY.



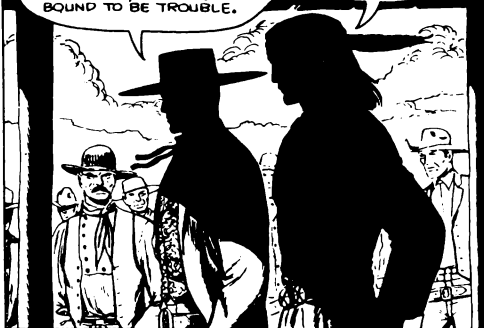


I KNEW THAT BULL NORBETT AND STACEY DUNN HAD BEEN FEUDING FOR YEARS-- BUT RIGHT NOW, MY PROBLEM WAS WHAT TO DO WITH RED HAWK.



Mebbe so, Red Hawk-- BUT SEE HOW PEOPLE ARE LOOKIN' AT YUH. IF YOU STAY HERE, THERE'S BOUND TO BE TROUBLE.

MAYBE SO. WYATT EARP KNOWS BEST.



THE NEXT MORNING, I WAS WAKENED WITH A START AT MY OFFICE IN THE JAIL, WHERE I HAD BEEN SLEEPING...



IT'S STACEY DUNN... THEY JUST FOUND HIM BEHIND THE SALOON!

LET'S GO!

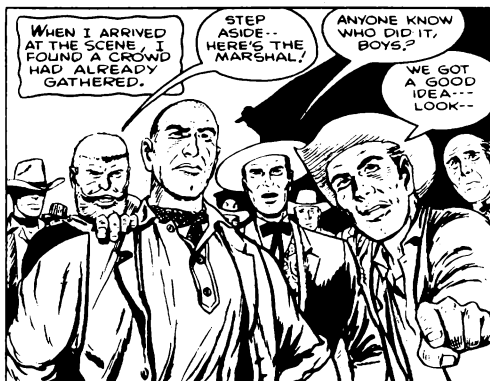


WHEN I ARRIVED AT THE SCENE, I FOUND A CROWD HAD ALREADY GATHERED.

STEP ASIDE-- HERE'S THE MARSHAL!

ANYONE KNOW WHO DID IT, BOYS?

WE GOT A GOOD IDEA-- LOOK--



AN APACHE FEATHER!

STACEY ALMOST GUNNED RED HAWK LAST NIGHT-- THE APACHE MUSTA SNEAKED BACK AND SHOT 'IM!



